

# HEARD and SEEN at the CAPITAL

## And There Was Nothing Romantic About Him

WASHINGTON.—He was a mid-age man with a bulge to his vest that showed for a life of good dinners. His gray suit would have been a credit to the king's tailor—never mind what king—and his brand new panama was as fine as a hat as never came from Panama, seeing they don't make them there.



And while the man looked at the styles a couple of women who were loitering along because they were too early for the theater paused in the shadow where the arc light couldn't get at them and looked at the man. The one who was a double-barreled widow—two wedding rings in stock—knew exactly why the man looked in the window.

"I can read his type like a book. You can't tell me! He's a man who has been doing the primrose-daily act until his doctor has had to prescribe a moral diet of marriage and home. His following of the prescription will depend on whether or not he can stand the shock of those price tags."

"No such thing." The dissenting opinion was handed down by the other, who was obviously single, because—oh, well, maybe heaven, in its goodness, will explain some day why nature is allowed to make ugly women. "No such thing! I bet he's a good man, who remained single because he had his mother and sisters to provide for—and now that he is free, the girl he loved is no more—and he is standing there, breaking his poor, dear heart because he can't give her all those lovely things. And I bet he is saying to himself, 'Too late, too late!'"

"You poor simp! We'll be too late ourselves if we don't hurry up. So they hurried up. And when they were in their chairs and had turned around to see what sort of house it was going to be, about the first person their eyes lit on was the gray-suit man tucking his panama under his seat.

It is always advisable to know when you are licked. Humble pie may not equal the pastry that mother used to make, but it saves a lot of wear and tear on your immortal soul. Therefore: The women had to admit that perhaps—just perhaps—the man was neither a primrose nor a provider for mother and the girls, and that maybe—just maybe—he had been loitering, like themselves, until time for the play to begin.

## How Washington Landlords Gouge Their Tenants

WHEN a brand-new population about the size of a manufacturing city like South Bend drops in unexpectedly upon a small-sized large town, already completely filled, such as Washington, there are bound to be a few crates of relatives in the consignment. Consequently the residential sections of the national capital early in the war had become an omnibus family reunion, wherein pop and mom soon were all fed up with visitors.

"Come and see us one day while you're here," they said over the telephone to me, with all the warmth of Charles Evans Hughes opening his front door and finding a delegation of California voters on the front stoop. Now, if they had only asked me to come up even for one night I might have given three rousing cheers. Not a chance. Still, I had no grudges; they're more to be pitied than censured.

I tucked around circles and squares enough to learn that in a war-time Washington there are, to wit: Hall bedrooms (or if you can get 'em hall bedrooms) of an antebellum rental of \$10 a month which suddenly have puffed up into bellum if-you-can-get-'em at \$40 and \$50 a month; that very swaggy houses which recently were rented for \$10,000 a year now bring \$25,000 yearly; that one lady, who had an unfurnished apartment for which she paid \$80 a month, had patriotically rented the rooms, furnished, during the first war winter at a rate of only \$500 a month, pocketing \$3,000 for six months as her slight bit toward winning the war; that antebellum furnished apartments in the \$150-a-month class bring often \$350 and more a month in bellum days—that before-the-war—oh wah—flats, unfurnished at \$75 now commonly are rented at \$250 furnished. About the only government priority certificate which a man of influence cannot get is a priority certificate for a room and bath.

It's safe to say that the only vacant thing to be found in Washington was the German embassy, which is still respected as an embassy, although empty—respected, one might say, a hounded sight more than when it wasn't empty.—Frank Ward O'Malley in the Century Magazine.

## Yellow Flag Has Roused Ire of Students

A COMPLETE conspiracy of silence, a destroyed yellow flag, a mystery—and coming events—are elements in what promises to be one of the sensations of the year at Central high school. The facts are these: At the intercity scholastic spring meet Central high did not participate. At Central they say the rules of the meet were such as to bar Central's best man.

In any event, early the other morning when the students began to arrive for school they were amazed to see floating from the top of the 60-foot steel flag mast on Central high building a yellow flag.

Consternation reigned. Whoever had placed the yellow banner on the halyards which were intended for the Stars and Stripes, had cut the halyards so the flag could not be lowered. Soon Jay Long, a Central athlete, was trying to climb the pole. Falling, his place was taken by a second-year man, Carl Stein of 628 Fifth street, northeast, who triumphantly brought down the yellow banner. It was torn to shreds, the students wearing the strips as lapel streamers.

But feelings of the students were mixed. Some laughed. Others raged. An order was issued by Principal Emory Wilson that no retaliation be attempted—but rumors about the school are that McKinley Manual Training school, otherwise known as "Tech," will find her steps painted yellow some morning—from which it is obvious that "Tech" is suspected of hauling up the yellow banner on Central's masthead.

Meantime the students say, "The yellow-flag episode does not represent 'Tech' spirit as a whole—it was a few of the students who put up the flag, if 'Tech' did it at all."

## Dainty Uniforms Adorn Fair Society Women

RED CROSS service uniforms are quite numerous on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons in Potomac park, where Mrs. Donald Washburn, the former Miss Georgia Schofield, and Miss Carolyn Nash have established a tea-house. The proceeds to go to the Red Cross. This social and benevolent enterprise will operate two afternoons a week, when the Marine band concert is expected to bring the elite world to that particular part of the park from four to seven o'clock. In addition to the Red Cross service uniform, Miss Nash and Mrs. Washburn are both entitled to wear the khaki skirt, shirt and jacket of the national service school, of which they are graduates. This very popular uniform of three years ago when the school opened is, however, much less becoming than the Red Cross veil of blue, gray or white. When not on duty at their new place of business, patriotic business, of course, with tea, toast and sandwiches at war prices, Miss Nash and Mrs. Washburn are just as modish as ever in their summer attire.

Miss Belle Baruch, daughter of "Barney" Baruch, who came to Washington for service at \$1 per week, and paid \$18,000 house rent for the season, is the only young woman of smart society entitled to wear the uniform of the Women's Radio corps, possibly—possibly—possibly—to that of the English aviators.

And there was nothing romantic about him. He was a mid-age man with a bulge to his vest that showed for a life of good dinners. His gray suit would have been a credit to the king's tailor—never mind what king—and his brand new panama was as fine as a hat as never came from Panama, seeing they don't make them there.

# DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

## PIGEON AND DOVE.

"We are as fine as people," said Miss Pigeon.

"Are you, indeed?" asked Miss Dove.

"We are," said Miss Pigeon.

"Coo—o—o" said Miss Dove. "And aren't we as fine as people, too?"

"You are," said Miss Pigeon. "Yes, you are. Coo—o—o, you're very fine, too."

"Do tell me all about it," said Miss Dove, "for I'm very anxious to hear."

"Well, I'll come back and see you after I have my afternoon bath. I need a little refreshing water."

"It's nice here—in my caves," said Miss Dove.

"Ah," said Miss Pigeon, "that's very gracious of you. Well, I'd be delighted to accept your hospitality."

"I haven't got any of that," said Miss Dove sadly.

"Oh, yes you have," said Miss Pigeon.

"No, really; I am extremely sorry, but I haven't any at all."

"My dear Miss Dove," said Miss Pigeon, "you really don't know what the word means."

"That's true," said Miss Dove. "But then if I had any of it I'd know the word, wouldn't I?"

"I don't know that you would," said Miss Pigeon.

"Sounds strange and a little confusing," said Miss Dove.

"I'll explain it to you, my dear," said Miss Pigeon. "Hospitality means something like entertainment. It means that you are generous and glad to give me entertainment and offer me what you have. It's very fine indeed to be hospitable."

"I am glad I am," said Miss Dove. "It's nothing like another word with something the same sound—a place where people are when they're ill and when they're all cured up and well they go home again?"

"Oh, no, coo—o—o," laughed Miss Pigeon. "You're thinking of a hospital where sick folks go to be made all well and strong. We often fly around the hospital caves in yonder part of the town. But to be hospitable means to be very generous and polite with every-

thing you have, and so it was hospitable of you to offer me a bath in your caves and save me the trouble of flying home."

"You'll accept then?" asked Miss Dove.

"I'll be glad to," said Miss Pigeon. "Well, I think I'll take a little shower myself," said Miss Dove. So they bathed and were nice and clean, and they felt very fresh and cool and happy.

"Now, we'll have a rest," said Miss Pigeon. "Ah? A rest and a little chat."

"Yes indeed," said Miss Dove, "and you must tell me why we are as fine as people."

"Ah, to be sure," said Miss Pigeon. "Well," she continued, after a little pause, for both Miss Pigeon and Miss Dove had dozed off, and each taken a tiny nap, "well," she went on, "I heard the other day that there was a special place where they could obtain houses and homes of all sorts and sizes for doves and pigeons. Some of these they called 'portable,' which meant that they could be moved about."

"But the great and glorious thing to me about it was that it was so superior. Now we are to have houses bought from little shops and big shops—just as people go to such offices and rent houses."

"It just seems exactly like being a person and seeing about a summer home—ah—and they show fine homes for us, too."

"Tell me about them," said Miss Dove.

"They're very beautiful and of a nice, generous size for the most part, and they're painted in green and white."

"Beautiful!" said Miss Dove. "So cooling are those colors. And green is so very good for the optic nerve."

"What in the world is the optic nerve?" asked Miss Pigeon.

"The optic nerve," said Miss Dove, "is the nerve of the eyes. Green would be good for eyes—keep them from getting tired. I wanted to show you I knew a good word, too."

And after they had talked some more about the possible new summer homes their owners would get for them, they went to sleep and dreamed of green and white houses!

## FARMERS ARE WORKING HARDER

And using their feet more than ever before. For all these workers the frequent use of Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath, increases their efficiency and insures needed physical comfort. It takes the friction from the shoe, freshens the feet, and prevents tired, aching and blistered feet. Women everywhere are constant users of Allen's Foot-Ease. Don't get foot sore, get Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold by dealers everywhere. 25c.—Adv.

## A Paper Controller.

Great Britain now has its Paper Controller, concerning whose identity there has been a flutter of excitement in the publishing and newspaper worlds. There is, however, very much less talk and less fuss about the advent of this new official than there was over the subject of the introduction of food rationing, although the innovation is capable of having much greater effects on the life of the country than the mere reduction of the consumption of certain food supplies. H. A. Vernet, on whom it has devolved, is a director of the Underground Electric Railways company.

Grave's Baby Bowel Medicine aids digestion, relieves four stomach, diarrhoea and flux. It is just as effective for adults as for children. Perfectly harmless.

## Worse Than the Barber's Union.

In the reign of Elizabeth every beard of a fortnight's growth was subject to a tax of 8 cents. Peter the Great, in 1705, imposed a tax upon the beards of the Russian nobles of 100 rubles, while the common people's beard tax amounted to 1 kopeck. This tax caused much dissatisfaction, but in spite of this the impost was extended to St. Petersburg in 1714. The tax on beards was confirmed by Catherine I in 1725, by Peter II in 1728, by Empress Anne in 1731, and in 1743 by the Empress Elizabeth.

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## Coolies' Ears Detect Peril.

English officers home from the front testify to the acute hearing powers displayed by the Indian and Chinese coolie laborers with the troops in France. These eastern auxiliaries are ever the first to detect the nearness of a hostile airplane and to fall prone as a measure of self-protection. In this way they give a valuable lead to the British and French soldiers, who are comparatively slow in detecting the difference in sound between the rival air machines.

## Best Paid Writer.

Rudyard Kipling is probably the best paid of all short story writers. His price is \$500 a thousand words.

The walnut crop of California in 1916 netted \$2,882,814.

Norway has established a domestic science school for girls at Stavanger.

# Farmers! Watch Your Stomachs In Hot Weather

## We and Our Allies Are Depending Upon Your Strength To Supply Our Armies With Food.

You men who work long hours in the fields under a blazing sun—you've got to be big eaters, because your food is your strength, and now, more than ever, your strength is badly needed. So guard your health. Be sure and watch your stomach, for in the summer time nearly all illness can be traced to stomach and bowel complaint. You, yourself, know how liable a man is to sunstroke if he goes in the hot sun too soon after eating a hearty mid-day meal, and also how liable he is to sudden attacks of stomach miseries. So cool off in the shade before going back to work. Don't take chances.

Take care of your stomach, friend. You know you can't work well with your stomach out of fix. "Safety first" must be your motto, so send to your druggist and get a big box of EATONIC, enough for yourself and family, yes, and the hired folks, too. It's the wonderful new compound for the quick relief of stomach and bowel miseries. It was originated by H. L. Kramer, the man who made millions of people happy with his first great remedy, Cascarets.

Now, all you need do is to take a tablet or two of EATONIC after your meals. It's good—just like eating candy. Enjoy the quick, sure relief it brings—how almost instantly it relieves indigestion, heartburn, food-

## Air Raid Lights.

During their recent raids on Paris German aviators were greatly disconcerted by rockets which the French sent up and which discharged, before dropping, parachutes with brightly burning fuses. These parachutes dropped slowly and their fuses cast a brilliant glare on the hostile airplanes, making them a good target for the antiaircraft guns.

## High-Speed Wireless.

It takes one-twentieth of a second for a wireless signal to pass from Washington to San Francisco.

## Honey in Ice Cream.

Faced with a serious sugar shortage recently, two ice cream concerns in Portland, Ore., used honey as a substitute, and for two weeks made their product with choice strained honey, effecting 70 per cent conservation of sugar. And the ice cream was found to be excellent.

## Secret of Her Success.

Wonder at the success of the woman an lion tamer fades like a summer cold when her obituary explains that she had been married eight times.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

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